

# The Spartan Chronicles

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Summary: Choir, a young new recruit, is thrust into the position of captain of blue team. He may be new, and he may be a bit dim, and he may have no clue what he is doing, but... naw, hes doomed. Humor in the Halo world ensues. some language. Not RVB. on break

## 1. The hub

### The Spartan Chronicles

As told by Zero Heartless

I'd just like to open this by saying that this isn't all my creation. This is my spin on the story that my friends and me are making. This is not the actual story line from my friend's series, and if the Spartan Chronicles that he had envisioned ever gets made for real, it won't look like this work. Also, probably the only character that is mine is Choir, but don't use any of the others here since they are my friend's. I decided to do this fic because I just got tired of the Chronicles getting put to the side. Also, the stuff from Halo and such is not mine. That belongs to the folks at Bungee and Microsoft. Disclaimer, disclaimer, blah, blah, blah, yada, yadaâ€| (don't sue!) I would also like to say that this is not on a tangent or even a parallel with the Halo storyline (sorry to say, I don't know it since I lack an Xbox, let alone Halo the game) or closely related to Red vs. Blue (although it is humor. Choir is not related to Church). Finally, this is my first story, EVER. R&R and enjoy the Spartan Chronicles. (Sorry for the exposition)

"Got a ticket, got armor, got a gun, got a new experience coming up in a new land and I got an adventure to live outâ€| I'm going to hate every moment of this."

Welcome to the central hub of the Central Combat Command, or CCC. This is where all Spartans get their start. After training, a soldier is appointed a team and is sent off to his home base through the central hub, a massive hangar of ships of every size and shape. This

was the starting point for Choir, 24 years of age and eager and anxious to begin a new adventure. Choir wasn't like other Spartans in the sense that he had no training, no idea of what was going on, and a legacy to live up to.

Choir walked up to the callboard to find some info on where he was going. He scanned over the names of random Spartans going on their ways to wherever in the universe. Finally, he came to his name. "Hmm, here it is.

Choir-----blue-----captain-----Zanzibar-----team:-----"

This was odd. First of all, Choir had no clue where or what Zanzibar was. He hoped that the base would at least look nice or have a bathroom. Five days on a crowded transport with one toilet was incredibly uncomfortable and one bathroom between a few individuals would be a welcome change inâ€¢ what was itâ€¢ Zanzibar. Second of all, where were the other names on the roster for blue team? Shouldn't there have been other names on the team? Third, CAPTAIN!?!? Choir had no experience whatsoever. How could they expect choir to be a captain? Then again, the job would be easier without a team only having to watch himself, but still, what the hell! Finally, there was the matter of being a blue. This brought memories of his brother.

Choir's older brother, Sacer, was a prodigy on the battlefield. In his military career, he had never lost a single team member in action. He was the ace captain of blue team, which, at the time, was a highly prestigious elite group. His quick thinking and faster snipe shot earned him the nickname the "Blue Blur." Then came the fateful day that his team was sent on it's final mission. Sacer got this mission because of a jealous superior, CrazyJak. CrazyJak was the head of the CCC in Sacer's sector. Sacer had a tendency to disobey orders from CrazyJak in order to perform a more effective tactical maneuver. CrazyJak took out his frustration by taking out Sacer. The last mission that Sacer's team went on was terminal. They had to deactivate an Elite super weapon set to fire at a tactical hotspot. CrazyJak knew that whatever team took this mission would be annihilated, so the task fell to Sacer.

After all was said and done with Sacer's demise, CrazyJak thought he was done with it, but it turned out that in the rules of the CCC, in the case of the total annihilation of a team, the next of kin of the old leader would take up the captain position of the team. This is the whole reason that Choir wound up in this position, a fluke in the protocol of the system that couldn't be changed.

Well, at any rate, why not ready himself for the coming trip? Choir had 10,000 credits to his name. There were all sorts of places in the hub to purchase any last-minuet provisions. SMGs for cheap, rocket ammo for 6,000 apiece, high-end sniper rifles, magnums, and vehicles on surplus discount. A man bumped past choir on this right. He turned to face him.

"Hey buddy. You new 'round here," asked the man. "Yeah," Choir admitted his noobness. "Well, I suggest you head to station C down the way. They got one last Warthog going for 10,000 credits. Better hurry while you have a shot." "Wow. Thanks, friend!"

Choir ran off to platform C to cash in on a sweet deal. He finally arrived out of breath and asked thee merchant if he still had the

jeep in stock.

"Yeah, it hasn't moved all day. You want 'er?"

"Hell yeah," Choir reached for his cash when he realized that something was missing. "Oh no, don't tell me!"

"If ya ain't got the money, get the hell out."

ATTENTION. NOW BOARDING TRANSPORT 7354-AER FOR ZANZIBAR. NOW BOARDING. LAUNCHING FROM PLATFORM Z.

"Oh crap."

Choir took off like a flash to try and catch his transport. This would be so much easier with a Warthog. A minute later, the man from before came to the C shop. "One Warthog please. I have 10,000 credits right here."

Choir reached the transport just in time. The marathon nearly killed him, even with the easy movement of the armor. The transport was small, cramped, and rickety-looking. To top it off, the system was unmanned, just on autopilot. He was pushed into his vessel and flung into the reaches of the final frontier.

"Yeah, I knew this was going to suck."

Well, there you have it. The first chapter of the Spartan Chronicles. Hope you liked it. Don't forget to drop a comment.

## 2. Air Sickness

Second chapter. Choir has had it rough so far, and its not about to let up.

The Spartan Chronicles

Chapter 2: Air Sickness

Coming to the hub, Choir had been on a small, low-grade military transport where he had been assigned his armor. It had been the most uncomfortable trip he had ever taken. That was up until the moment he boarded transport 7354-AER. There was only enough room in the vessel to sit in a lone chair in the back of the ship. Across from the chair ten feet away was a small rectangular panel with a glass circle on it; it was probably the on-board computer. Choir looked back at the time he had spent in the hub. He noted that it was probably for the best that he didn't get his hands on the Warthog since there would have been no way to take it with him.

After about an hour, Choir had begun to go stir-crazy from the lack of anything to do on the unmanned vessel. Then he got the idea to try to calm his nerves by talking at the little panel on the wall; he had seen it in a movie once. It would be like Castaway, only more pitiful.

"Hi. I'm Choir. I've never talked at a computer before, so here goes nothing," he began awkwardly. Suddenly, responding to his voice, the glass on the panel lit up a bright red with a red circle in the

center as the light source. "Hello, Choir. It is pleasant to meet you." Choir was sufficiently crept out by the activation of this computer. "Whoa! I didn't know this ship had an AI system thingy." "Affirmative. I am the AI of this vessel. I am the H.A.L.10,000. I control the onboard systems andâ€!"

"Hold on, Hold on. H.A.L.? I saw that 2001 Odyssey movie with you in it. That thing killed all the astronauts." "Affirmative. But that was the 9000 model. I have a new system balance and check program. This model is 95 less homicidal." "Oh yeah, \_that \_makes me more comfortable," Choir remarked. "So long as you don't try to kill me on this trip, I'm happy."

Sure, he was getting paranoid and anxious every passing moment of the trip from that point on, but at least fear took over boredom, and that was an improvement in Choir's mind. "T-minus 2 minutes till arrival at Zanzibar," the computer alerted Choir. He was glad that this wretched experience would be over soon. Soon, he would be kicking back in a private fortress without a killer computer staring back at him with that piercing gaze. Just then, Choir's eyes grew heavy and shut hard. "Dang!" "Ha. The thought of you winning this staring contest was laughable. I cannot be beaten." The ship then shook a bit. This was soon followed by a constant turbulence; this was made worse by the fact that this tiny ship had no seat belt, causing Choir to be knocked around the ship like a pinball in the bumpers.

"Caution: entering atmosphere. Prepare for turbulence."

"Yeah. Thanks a lot."

The ship finally leveled out a moment later. The reverse thrusters kicked in and the ship began to slow down. Choir quickly got back to his seat, grasping the chair arms as though they were the only thing between him and a horrid death. Just as he began to calm down and loosen up, the H.A.L. started to give another alert. "Drop site arrival complete. Prepare to be evacuated." "Hold up. We're not on the ground." "This is a nonstop flight. Please remain seated for the remainder of the ride." What was left to expect at this moment but the worst. What could possibly happen now?

The floor beneath the chair Choir had firmly planted himself into opened up, sending him and his seat plummeting towards the ground. Moments before impact, a small parachute opened to slow Choir's landing to just a heavy thud and a feeling of nausea. It was several minuets before Choir could stop shaking enough to leave his chair.

Choir, now only slightly off kilter, looked ahead to see the new base. The remaining paint was peeling off the sides, the gates were in horrible disrepair, the smell of death still hung in the air even though the place hadn't been used in centuries, and he could tell just from the outside that the comm. systems on the inside would be limited in the best-case scenario. Looking at the area around the base, the landscape was covered in thick foliage. It was a miracle that Choir didn't hit one of the great trees that almost covered the immediate area.

One word could be uttered in the sheer awe of this sight:  
"Crap!"

Woo! Chapter two! Give me some input if you read this. I'm always looking to improve.

### 3. The Recruit

The third chapter. This marks the arrival of the first new character.

The Spartan Chronicles

Chapter 3: The Recruit

Choir was curled up into the fetal position in the corner of the main hallway of the base. "I don't want to die here. I'm too young, handsome, and brilliant to die now. I especially don't want to die alone in a God-forsaken hellhole like this one. The crushing loneliness of this place is destroying me from the inside. I can already feel myself going mad. Already, my mind is wasting away to oblivion!"

Clearly, Choir had lost it at this point. His mad rambling continued for five minutes before he heard a small rustle from the nearby flora followed by a shout.

"Hello? Is anyone here?"

Choir sprang to his feet instantly at the sound of another human voice. He rushed over to the doors of the compound and flung them open to find another soldier in standard issue armor. This soldier was surprised to see another person on this planet. "Oh myâ€¦ wow. Another soldier. I thought I might have been sent down for nothing. Oh, um, who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Choir: CCC Blue Captain. And you are?"

"Oh, uh, my name is Cookie, in-training recruit and new meat on the Gamma squad mobile training vessel."

Cookie was a squirrelly kind of guy, like a distant cousin to Woody Allen. He was never too sure of himself and had strange mannerisms to his speech. At least he seemed eager to please.

"Wait. Hold on, um, just a moment. You are the captain of Blue Team? Then that must mean that you're the brother of Sacer. You are the brother to the Blue Blur. Oh myâ€¦ uh, I'm in the presence of greatness. This is so exhilarating!"

"Easy there, new guy. First things first; how did you get here?"

"Oh, um, well, I was training with the Gamma squad and our commanding officer told us that there was activity on this planet. He told me it would be a training special ops mission. So they, uh, sent me down here to find the source of the activity. The thing is, they didn't give me any way of communicating with the mobile training vessel. I think they sent me here just to get rid of me."

"Well, that would make two of us. I'm just glad to see another human

being again. I thought I was going to go insane down here."

"Um, how long have you been here?"

"About five minutes. But that's not the point; the point is that we will no longer go mad of loneliness. Now I can die here from a real cause like starvation."

"Um, have you checked the base cafeteria?"

"â€œ! The what now?"

"The cafeteria. I think it would be on the first floor of the base and to the left. How much of the base have you actually looked at?"

"I didn't really explore it so much as I fell to the ground and tried to cry myself to sleep."

The two Spartans walked into the base and checked out the facilities. There was, sure enough, a cafeteria with some provisions, but it wouldn't last for long, a season at best between two men. There was a sleeping quarters upstairs along with the base armory. This had a limited stock of ammunition and only a few guns of low grade. Choir preferred his SMGs anyway. Across from the armory, there was a small room with a few computers; this was the Comm. room, but its capacity was very limited. The right side of the downstairs area was the reinforced section of the base and doubled as a conference room. This area could stand almost any assault even if the rest of the base were to crumble. The area to the right of the base was on a downhill slope, so the fort section could hold off an attack from that side effectively with only a few good men.

"So, um, captain Choir, what is the plan of action now?"

"The only thing there is left to do: send out a distress signal and prey."

Well, there it is. The third chapter in Choir's living hell. Honestly, how much trouble can one little distress signal cause? Stay tuned for more TSC (eventually), Same Zanzibar place, same Zanzibar time. Review me and let me have some input.

#### 4. The Mercenaries

Chapter four. Here comes the next bunch of characters.

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Chapter 4: The Mercenaries

"\_Heyâ€œ! is this thing on? Umâ€œ! hello, this is Choir, Captain of Blue Team. This is a distress signal going out to any ships that will take us. We have been abandoned on this planet in Zanzibar base and we have no way off of this rock. Please come and help us out if you receive this message and call us back when you get this. My God, I sound like I just left a message on an answering machine. It didn't sound too bad, did it Cookie? Huhâ€œ! the signal is still going? Oh crap-\_

"Well, lets get going."

"Hold on, big guy. What if this is a trap of some kind; it could be an ambush or something."

"I don't think so. The message sounded way to genuine to be a fake-out. Besides, I ran it through my lie detector app, so quit worrying. Go lock the coordinates in on the source of that call and bring the ship up to speed. I'll send the reply."

Choir and Cookie had been sitting around the base for about 15 minutes. It would take about 10 minutes for the transmission to reach its maximum distance with the substandard Comm. equipment. The two soldiers were starting to get nervous.

"Well, Cookie, you think we're ever going to get saved?"

"Well, um, I'm still hopeful that there will be a ship in the area eventually."

"I just wish that call would come sooner. I think the insanity may be taking me again. I may soon lose my mind and go crazy again. Why, it's already started. I think I'm hearing voices! Oh, what a way to go, to lose my sanity in such a horrific way, to be so desperate for survival as to start hearing tiny voices in my head saying they are coming for us!"

"Umâ€| I think that would be the Comm. system picking up a reply to out signal."

"Oh. Well, in that case, WOOHOO! We aren't going to die on this rock or go totally mad! Well, at least not you, Cookie."

"\_Hello, this is a reply to the distress signal and message sent from Zanzibar base. Our ship is now on course and should arrive within five minutes of this message getting through. Just sit tight till we get there.\_"

Choir managed to stop being hysterical within the 5 minutes they had to wait. After that time, a loud rumble could be heard overhead. It was a smaller grade transport craft that looked like it could hold 4 people comfortably. This vessel touched down in the same clearing that the ejected seat of the last transport landed. The back of this ship opened and its exit ramp dropped to its landing position.

The first figure to step out of the ship was a tall, 6'4" man in full jet-black armor. His armor made his body seem built for heavy battle. His movements all seemed quick and purposeful and almost mechanical in nature. The man seemed like the Master Chief on steroids. The next man to step out was a guy in teal armor, far smaller in comparison to the first; he was maybe 5'9". He seemed much more relaxed than his companion. The massive juggernaut walked up to the two awe-struck, blue-armored soldiers.

"Hi there. I'm Death, mercenary, bounty hunter, and heavy weapons expert. This is my assistant, Frozt, tech expert and sniper extraordinaire. You're Choir, right?"

"â€|â€|â€|\*\*Please don't kill me,"\*\* Choir proceeded to hide behind

Cookie and tremble in fear. Death then turned his gaze to Cookie.

"And you are Cookie, correct?"

"Um, yes, sir, Mr. big scary mercenary Death man, sir."

At this point, Death finally noticed the behavior of the two cowards.  
"Oh, you must be intimidated by my presence. Forgive me; I get that a lot. We're here in response to that signal you sent out."

Choir's head popped up from behind his recruit. "You mean you guys are getting us out of here? Oh thank God! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Hey," Frozt had gone back into the ship and had just started to come back out, "I have some great news!"

"What is it," Death turned his attention back to his ship.

"I adjusted the satellite systems and found a signal!"

"What did you get?"

"We have free HBO! I finally found and intercepted the signals for satellite T.V. again."

"Again? Frozt, please take this seriously for five seconds. Besides, once we take off, you are just going to lose that signal again. That satellite is to be used for intercepting enemy transmissions and other things more important than your Saturday morning cartoons!"

"Fine. I'll set the system to do a signal sweep then," Frozt went back into the transport to reluctantly give up his old Hannah-Barbara cartoons.

Death turned back to the Blues. "Sorry about that. Frozt is a good computer wiz, but sometimes, he can get a bit distracted."

Choir was curious. "So what kind of satellite is that?"

"This is a special signal interception satellite system built for Intel and information gathering. Any mercenary worth his reputation and huge guns has one of these. It's how we mercenaries get our jobs. We hack the signal on a private message that has no particular destination. These messages are actually intended for us, but receiving a signal directly could give our location, so that's why we use indirect Comm. transmissions."

"â€œ You lost me."

"Um, Death," Frozt's head popped out of the back of the ship again, "I think you may want to hear this."

Why? What is it?"

"I've got a Covenant carrier's signal intercepted right now."

" A carrier! But that signal is too hard to pin down. How did the

auto-sweep pick it up?"

"It didn't. The signal right now happens to be interfering with the T.V. signal. I really think you should hear this message."

\*\*End Chapter 4. What could be in store for Choir and his new allies? If the Covenant is involved, it can't be good. Then again, it also can't be any worse than Zanzibar. There is more to come in the next installment of TSC. Leave a review and comment please. Thank you.\*\*

End  
file.